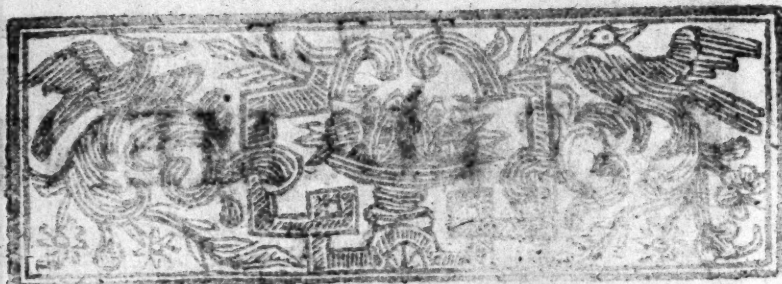


THE
PARLIAMENT
OF
HELL;
OR THE
MARRIAGE
OF THE
DEVIL;



Printed : in the Year 1 728.



THE
PARLIAMENT
OF

E. L.

OR THE

MARRIAGE of the DEPT.

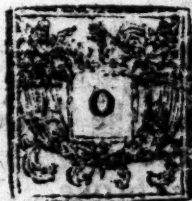
W. E. P. 1853
A. and his friends

REV.

1853



THE
PARLIAMENT
OF
HELL:
OR, THE
MARRIAGE of the DEVIL.



ONCE on a Time as ancient Stories tell,
And 'tis recorded in the Chronicle
Of Florence, if you'll credit *Machiavell*,
There liv'd a Hermit venerably sage,
For Piety the Wonder of the Age:
This Rev'rend Father had a Dream it seems,
(And Saints you know have very often Dreams)
'Twas after Vespers on a Holy Day,
When this good Man in pious Vision lay:
He saw, and plainly too, a World of Souls,
Of married Men that throng'd to Hell in Shouls:
Who all with Sighs did piously declare,
The Jades their Wives, (Pox on 'em) sent 'em there:

This News to *Lucifer* full soon was sent,
Who issu'd Writs, and call'd a Parliament;
His Majesty was fully bent to know,
If what the Wretches said were really so.
New was the Matter, weighty the Affair
So to his Aid he call'd each sobby Peer.
The Peers soon came, shut was th' Eternal Door;
So full a House was never known before.

Cloath'd in their Sables ev'ry Noble met;
 Scarce on the Dismal Woolpack were they set;
 When *Lucifer* wav'd round his Eben Wand,
 Stroak'd his Mustachio's down and thus began.
 My Lords, said he, this Day we've call'd you here,
 T'advise about a new, but grand Affair.
 'Tis what concerns the Honour of our Crown,
 So freely let your Sentiments be known.
 The married Men who hither come so fast,
 The blame upon their Wives (I'm told) have cast.
 They were the Cause (they say) of all their Crimes,
 And sent them posting to these lower Climes.
 The Thing is very odd if it be so,
 We doubt the Fact, and fain the Truth would know
 Now since you've heard the Case entire from me,
 I beg, my Lords, you'd expeditious be,
 And on some proper Ways and Means agree;
 That we may sift this Matter thoroughly out,
 My Lords and be no longer left in doubt.

They all arose, and with a loud Applause,
 Bow'd low, and own'd th' Importance of the Cause.
 Gave their Oppinions; first the Barons spoke,
 Then Earls, and last their Graces Silence broke.
 Some said, that one in whom they cou'd confide,
 Should to the World be sent, and there reside.
 Marry if need were, and experience well
 Each Circumstance, and so the better tell
 The Embassy's Event, at his Return to Hell.
 Some said, they thought that one was not enough,
 Doubtless a Number would bring better Proof:
 Thus Words, did Words Debate Debates succeed,
 Till the Votes pass'd, and then it was decreed,
 That one alone should to the World be sent
 Forthwith, and make the grand Experiment.
 But ev'ry Devil did the Task deny,
 Shrunk back, and said, they were afraid to try:
 But 'twas concluded on by all, at last,
 Chance should decide it, and let Lots be cast;

(4)
Thus fully all agreed, the Lots they throw,
And poor Belphegor was condemn'd to go.
The Lot was lucky, and it happen'd well,
Belphegor was the fittest Devil in Hell.
Perfect in Stratagems, had all his Arms
Genteel, and really was a Devil of Parts;
But yet he try'd, and said he would go free,
But could not from the ungrateful Embellish'd
The King gave Orders for good Steeds and Coaches,
Ten Thousand Guineas in his Pocket to come,
To that of Man his Form must surely change,
And o'er the Court, and o'er the Court port range,
Woe where he pleas'd but happy to be a wife,
And try the Blessings of the Marriage Life;
For Ten long years, if possible, and then no more,
He should have Leave to come to Hell again,
And there upon his Corporal Oath declare,
What Plagues in Wedlock, and what Pleasure were.

A splendid Equipage he now prepares,
And swiftly tow'rd's the upper Region Steers.
To Florence fair Belphegor took his Way,
Florence, the ever beautiful and gay!
There takes a House magnificent and great,
And gives it out he has a vast Estate.
Large his Attendance, sumptuous was his Train,
His Person Princely, and admir'd his Mein:
Graceful his Carriage, and his Age appears
Only to be about some Thirty Years.
His Servants laid from Spain their Master came,
A Spaniard born, Don Rod'rick was his Name;
But that he much preferr'd th' Italian Air,
So left his own, and came to settle there.

No one more gen'rous Acts of Bounty show'd,
His House was open, Wine like Water flow'd:
Of such Magnificence all Florence sung,
The Great admir'd, the Poor his Bounties sung,
Esteem'd and lov'd, and blest by ev'ry Tongue.

(5)
It was not long before he fell in Love,
(And Love you see can even the Devil move)
Noble her Birth, but the fair Florentine
Good Stock of Beauty had, but not of Coin:
Honest was this conq'ring Lady's Name,
Extreamly handsome, but a haughty Dame;
But haughty as she is, her Charms inspire,
The *Don* with Love, who burns with strong Desire;
Must wed the Fair, so close his Fate pursues,
Consent obtains, and ties the fatal Noose.

And now the *Don* begins to live as high
As any of the *Prinse Nobilisy*,
And more enamour'd still; and more he grows,
Never was Man so happy in a Spouse:
It was his whole Delight and only Care
To study how to please the charming Fair;
But fiercer as his growing Passion burns,
She makes his growing Passions serve her Turns:
And having found she'd gain'd his very Soul,
Like a true Wife, usurps the Pow'r to rule:
If what she ask'd him he perchance deny'd,
Her Tongue grow nimble, and full quick reply'd;
And let him know she cou'd as Noisy be,
As any of her Sex or Quality.
This you must think, *Don Rod'rick* took amiss,
It pall'd his Joys and sower'd all his Bliss
This Carriage could not chuse in Time but prove
A mighty Cooler to his mighty Love.
He grows Impatient, Vows, Protests, and Swears
Her baughty Insolence to him appears
More insupportable than *Lucifer's*.
His Lady he must please at vast Expence
On ev'ry Whim, and ev'ry vain Pretence.
Their Cloaths, tho' rich and gay, will never do:
She's sick, unless they ev'ry Week have New.
Thus he submits like condescending Spouse,
To please his Wife, who leads him by the Nose.

All ends not here, much further goes her Pride;
 For her Relations too, Spouse must provide;
 Put her two Brothers in a handsome Way;
 Marry her Sisters, and their Portions pay.

Don Roderick (my Story to pursue)
 Submits (what would you have poor Devil do?)
 Marries the Girls, the Brothers find supplies
 With Ships full freighted with rich Merchandize.
 These were sufficient Curses you may swear,
 And more than any Devil alive could bear;
 But the confoundedst Plague of all, his Wife,
 Made the poor *Don* quite weary of his Life.
 In costly Entertainments, Indian Show
 He must the other Quality but do
 Three Days together not a servant stays,
 Such Tempests can imperious Females raise.
 All his infernal Train forsakes the *Don*,
 Frighted, to Hell return, and leave him all alone,
 And there protest 'tis possible for no Man,
 To bear so super-devilish a Woman.

Now he perceives that Riches fly with haste,
 His Bags exhausted, and his Treasures waste;
 And all the Comfort that his Soul can find,
 Is small, and full uncertain as the Wind;
 But it was all his Hopes, his Ships at Sea
 Might rich return, and new Expence defray.
 He borrows then a round substantial Sum,
 Which he'll repay as soon as they come Home.
 But nothing can a Woman's Pride supply,
 Extravagance will make a Million fly.
Honest still pursues her usual Way,
 Feeds full as high, and dresses full as gay.
 This sinks the borrow'd Stock, and brings it low,
 His Credit too begins to fail him now;
 But as scarce no Misfortune come alone,
 Unhappy Rumours flew and reach'd the *Don*;
 One of the Brother's Ships was cast away,
 Himself and all the Treasure lost at Sea.

The other by as lewd a Fortune cross'd,
 At the *Frail Die* his Goods and Money lost.
 When to his Creditors the News was known,
 What Fortune had befall'n this unhappy Don,
 They soon agree, the safest Way and best,
 Would be to lay him in a Prison fast.
 Don *Roderick* soon Information had
 Of all what 'twas they did, and what they said;
 So takes his Horse rides privately away,
 For *Florence* was too hot for him to stay.
 His Creditors the Matter understood;
 They hir'd Horses, and the *Don* pursu'd,
 Who gives his Reins a loose, and whips and spurs,
 And over Hedge, and over Ditch he scow'rs,
 Like Lightning flies, *riding* a Meadow's Side,
 A little lowly Cottage he espies;
 This Hut own'd one *Mattheo* for his Lord,
 An honest Swain, and careful of his Word,
 Whose Aid in civil Terms he thus implor'd.
 My Friend, I am a Gentleman distress'd,
 By Bailiffs follow'd, but would shun th' Arrest.
 Undone if taken, for I know too well,
 A Prison follows, and a Prison's Hell.
 See how I tremble like the hunted Hare!
 Upon my Honour here I vow and swear,
 If you'll secure me from the Catch-Poles Claw,
 (Catch-poles, the very Excrements of Law)
 I have a Secret of the finest Art,
 To you this Noble Secret I'll impart;
 This will procure you soon a vast Estate,
 And make you ever Rich and ever Great.
 If I perform not what I now declare,
 Revenge your self, and let 'em know I'm here.
Mattheo first considers well the Case,
 And ev'ry Circumstance he sagely weighs.
 At last the Thoughts of Riches turn'd the Scale,
 Richs, when nothing else can do prevail.
 He thinks it just to take the weakest Side,
 And so resolves the trembling *Don* to hide.

Scarce done when all the Creditors appear,
 And ask if such a Gentleman was there.
Mattheo is intirely ignorant,
 Protests he does not know what 'twas they meant,
 I'm a poor honest Man—Upon my Word,
 A Gentleman!—and here!—O Lord, O Lord!
 Then they begin to Hector, Haile, and Swear,
 And vow'd that he had hid him somewhere there.
 They swore they'd have him if above the Ground,
 They search'd each Corner but no Doctor found,
 Weary'd at last, no further they pursue;
 But give him quite for lost, and all their Money too.
 So Home with aking Hearts return again,
 And only have their Labour for their Pain.

No sooner were the Searchers gone, but straight
Don Rod'rick was releas'd by honest *Mat*,
 Who now conjures him to perform his Vow,
 And what he'd promis'd him sincerely do.
Don Rod'rick was a Devil mighty good,
 And ne'er was guilty of Ingratitude.
 He freely then the Obligation own'd;
 Told him his Case, and *Mat* his Case bemoan'd.
 Now, honest Friend, says he, the Secrer's this
 That must procure you Wealth and Happiness:
 When you shall hear of any stately Dame
 Possess'd by Devil, I that Devil am,
 And be assur'd I certainly will stay
 'Till you turn Exorcist, and conjure me away,
 You may with greatest Ease for such a Cure,
 As large a Sum as you think fit procure.
 This said, there pass'd a Complement or two,
 Then kiss'd, the Devil bid *Mat*, and *Mat* the Devil adieu.

When he was gone, not many Days was pass'd
 Before he heard a Lady was possess'd.
 He strangely long'd to try th' Experiment,
 And Golden Mountains promise from th' Event.
 To ease the wretched Lady of her Pain,
 All Remedies were try'd, but try'd in vain.

Saint *Zeno*'s Relicks were with Zeal apply'd,
And then Saint *Galbert*'s Cloak, and God knows what
beside;

But to the Patient, Relicks did no good,
When they were brought the Devil laugh'd aloud.
To show that this was no invented Fit,
He talk'd pure *Latin*, such as *Tully* writ,
And in *Philosophy* would show his Wit.
In Mood and Figure subtly dispute,
And his Opponent Arguments in Form refute.
Then several little Secreters would reveal,
Make many a Female blush, and many a Male.
A certain Father for good Life rever'd,
He piqu'd in spite of Sacred Hood and Beard.
As if his Retyence kept in Fryar's Weed,
A Wench to sweep his Cell, and warm his Bed,
The Lady's Father now begins to fear
The Event, and of a Remedy despair.
When soon *Mattheo* came, and undertook
The Feat, if a good Quantity of shining Angels spoke;
Only one hundred Angels for his Fee
Demands, and he'll soon set the Lady free.
Mattheo was a very honest Soul,
And really would have don't without the Cole:
But since his Pockets were but very low,
He'd been to blame if he had done it so,
The willing Father readily complies,
And good *Mattheo* to his Patient hies.
That very difficult the Thing might seem,
And gain the Peoples Wonder and Esteem;
Mattheo in a very formal Way
Begins the Exorcism, begins to pray,
With awkward Ceremonies made much ado,
And mumbled over many Masses too;
So to the afflicted Lady nearer drew.
Then call'd *Don Rodrick*, whispering in her Ear,
Right, says *Don Rodrick*, honest *Mat* I'm here.
I understood you, and I'll clearly show,
That still I'll honourably deal by you,
I'll keep my Word, and will this Moment go.

To give you yet a more Substantial Proof,
 For I'll allow, you are not Rich enough;
 To *Naples* now I fly, that shining Court
 Where Pleasure Reigns, and Beaux and Bells Resort.
 None of those Beauties will *Belphégor* Seize,
 The fair young Princess only he'll possess,
 And stick to her Royal Highness very close,
 'Till you *Mattheo* come and set him loose;
 There you may get what Treasure you desire;
 That done, he wise, and with Content Retire
 At *Rome* or *Florence* live, or where you please,
 Enjoy your Pleasure, and enjoy your Ease;
 But ne'er come near me more where'er you do,
 Be wise, take good Advice, and so adieu.
 This said, the Devil from the Dame retir'd;
 The Cure perform'd, and all the Town admir'd;
 Fame soon *Mattheo's* Miracle display'd,
 And o'er the Town and o'er the Country spread.

Some few Days after a strange Rumour flew,
 That *Naples* Princess was be devil'd too.
 The King all ways that could be thought of try'd,
 Had Prayers said, and Physick too apply'd.
 Physick and Prayers both, alas, were vain;
 The Devil would not stir, 'till *Mat.* the Charm began.

But when to's Sacred Maiesty 'twas known,
 What mighty Wonders were in *Florence* done;
 Post haste without Delay sends to procure
Mattheo, who soon comes to work the Cure;
 When all the Usual formal Rites were o'er,
 For *Mat.* would use the same he'd done before.
 The Devil flies; but e'er he took his Leave,
 This Sage Advice to good *Mattheo* gave;
 Now surely you have got Sufficient store,
 So be Content, my Friend, and seek no more.
 Enjoy your Riches with a quiet Mind,
 Few have such Luck, few such a Friend can find.
 I've kept my Word, no more this Trade pursue,

Of playing the Exhoreist, for if you do
I'll do you all the Harm I can, by Hell!
Worse than my Word I never am ——— Farewell.

Mattheo now to *Florence* fair returns,
His House with Richest Furniture adorns.
Ten Thousand Pieces he from *Naples* brought,
Many a Farm and many a Castle bought.
Signior Mattheo now enjoys his Ease,
Will gratify each Sense, and ev'ry Fancy please,
But see th' Inconstancy of human Love,
Something or other still our Bliss destroys;
For 'twas not long before he chang'd to hear,
What made his very Heart so quake for fear;
The King of *France's* Daughter was possess'd,
This Racks his Soul, and soon disturbs his Rest.

Mattheo now reflects upon with dread,
What 'twas the Devil last at *Naples* said:
If *France* Commands he knows he must away,
He dares not for his Life to disobey.
The King sent for him, all his Fears prove true,
And Poor *Mattheo* knows not what to do.
At last the King he ventures to refuse;
He's ill, and begs his Majesty's Excuse,
But the Grand Monarch won't be thus deny'd,
So to the Magistrates he next apply'd.
To Kings desires they will not answer no,
And poor *Mattheo* is compell'd to go.
With aking Heart at *Paris* he arrives;
But what afflicts him most, and most Distraction gives,
He knows, alas! 'tis in his Power no more,
Those Things to do that he had done before.

To Court he goes, the King he plainly tells,
He fears his Skill is vain, and vain his spells;
For tho' 'twas true such Miracles he'd done,
'Twas not in's Power to do't on ev'ry one;
Some Devils are so very Resolute,

That

That 'tis impossible to drive 'em out;
 To do his best, no doubt, he would not fail;
 But if his Art at last should not prevail,
 The King, he hop'd, would take it not amiss,
 Or think it any Negligence of his.
 At this the King grew Colerick, and Swore
Mattheo should not live another Hour,
 In case he did not cure this Malady,
 And from the Devil set the Princess free;
 This dreadful Sentence like loud Thunder pass'd;
Mattheo quakes, and thinks he's near his last;
 Then to that sad Apartment was he brought,
 In pensive Mood, where the poor Princess sat,
 There all his Skill commanded was to exert;
 He quak'd for fear, and with a trembling Heart
 He gently steads, and whispers in her Ear,
 In Usual form, each call'd *Don Roderick* there.
 In civil Terms bespoke the Infernal Fiend,
 Remembring him how he had stood his Friend,
 And had preserv'd him from the Bayliffs Claw,
 Bayliffs the very Devils of the Law.
 He humbly begg'd and pray'd the *Don* to go,
 And that he would not quite desert him now;
 For if he left him in so great Distress,
 He should be hang'd and that's a desperate Case;
 And all the World wou'd then pronounce him base,
 And guilty of the worst Ingratitude,
 To one who so much Love and Kindness shew'd,
 But *Roderick* had not the least Regard
 To what thro' Royal Ear from *Mat* he heard;
 But huff'd and sav'd, bound and seem'd to be
 Ten Thousand Devils in Eptome.
 Is it not I, says he from humble state,
 Have made you very Rich, and very Great?
 Without my Orders how durst you presume,
 Where I and this Great Lady are to come?
 But to your Sorrow I shall let you know,
 I'll see your Dogship hang'd before I go.

Mattheo, poor *Mattheo* now will try,
 Since this proves vain, another Remedy.
 He leaves his Princess and the *Don* alone,
 And tells the King what he desires to have done.
 Says he, Since all the usual ways I've try'd,
 And all as yet have fruitless prov'd and void:
 So far unable to remove the Devil,
 They rather seem, I think t' encrease the Evil.
 I have a Project labouring in my Head,
 Which if in Case my Liege shall not Succeed,
 I'll ask no favour from your Majesty,
 But do great Sir, what you think fit with me;
 Mean time you must give Orders to Prepare,
 A Beautiful and Spacious Theatre,
 I'th Middle have a Rich and dress'd Altar plac'd,
 With shining Plate, and flaming Tapers grac'd,
 And ev'ry glittering Ornament affix'd;
 These must be ready all by sun-day here.
 Your sacred Majesty must too be there,
 With all your Court, and ev'ry Lord and Peer.
 After High Mass, and all the singing's o'er,
 Then let the Princess come; but not before;
 All Sorts of Solemn Musick must be there,
 The Trumpets Shril, soft Pipes, Theorbos clear;
 Whose sounds on signal given at once must rend the Air.
 With this Alarm, and something I've to say
 I hope, my Liege, to drive the Devil away.
 All things got ready to his Hearts Content,
 Thither the King and Court in all their Splendor went.

At the fix'd Hour, two Bishops grave appear,
 Leading the Princess to the Theatre.
Don Roderick, poor Devil was amaz'd,
 And over all the Bright Assembly gaz'd,
 And wonders what they were about to do,
 He never saw before so Rich a show;
 All these gay things, says he, I value not,
 The Villian shall be sure to go to Pot.
Mattheo now t'her Royal Highness goes,

And

And on *Don Roderick* civil Words bestows,
 All that his Friend *Mattheo* do's desire,
 Is that the Dev'l would civilly retire,
 He fell into a furious Rage, harrang'd,
 And Swore that he would have the Scoundrel hang'd,
 But still *Mattheo* his Request repeats,
Mattheo beg's and earnestly entreats,
 The Devil storms and curses, raves and threatens,
Mattheo on a sudden gives the Sign,
 When the Musicians all to Play begin,
 Drums, Trumpets, Fifes, and rattling Clarions Sound,
 From Heaven's high Vaults the rattling Notes rebound.

Don Roderick was in a great Surprise,
 And ask'd what was the meaning of this Noise,
Mattheo too seems in a deadly Fright,
 And thus with trembling Voice address'd the Sprites,
 Alas, says he, it is your Lady Fair,
Honest comes to seek your Honour here.
 He said no more, and it was wondrous strange,
 How at these Words the Dev'l began to Change;
 He shook, grew Pale, nor would he stay to know,
 Whether if what *Mattheo* said was so:
 But rather than return to Lady Spouse,
 Return to Hell, and thus the lesser Evil chose.
 There Audience of the King did strait Demand,
 And gave his Highness soon to understand,
 Those Souls Spoke only Truth, who us'd to tell,
 That 'twas their Wives who sent 'em all to Hell.

And thus the Victory *Mattheo* won,
 And heard no more of Devil or of Don.

F I N I S

And on the Kingdom civil World bellows
 All that his power, under his wings
 Is that the Devil, who, with all his
 Hellish forces, with his rage, and might
 And so, what he will, he will do
 But all things his Power respects
 He will do, and he will do
 The Devil, however, and his rage, and might
 He will do, and he will do
 When the World, as all, to him begin
 Ours, Thompson, and all the rest
 From Heaven's high Vanities the railing, and the rest

That 'twas their Wives who told
 Those Souls only Truth, who told in all
 And gave his highest room to understand
 There Audiences of the King and the Queen,
 Return to Hell, and thus the little Earl chide
 But rather than return to Hell, he said
 Whether it what Matters said was to
 He took, grew pale, not would he say to know
 How at these Words the Devil began to Change;
 He laid no more, and it was wonderful strange,
 He came to him, and his name he said
 Also, says he, it is your Father's name
 And thus with trembling Voice, he said the words
 And said, was the meaning of the Name
 Don Rodolph was in a great surprise

And heard the moans of David as he lay,
And thus the victory mine was won.

2 1 M 1 2